
DISCOURSE

Commemorative of the

HON. JOHN MCLEAN, LL. D.

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DISCOURSE

DELIVERED

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1861,

IN THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ALBANY,

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LATE

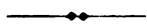
HON. JOHN ^{McLean}MCLEAN, LL. D.,

ONE OF THE

JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT

OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D. *✓*



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TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
GOVERNOR MORGAN,
THIS DISCOURSE,
PUBLISHED BY HIS KIND REQUEST,
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED.

COMMEMORATIVE DISCOURSE.

ISAIAH LVII, 1—THE RIGHTEOUS IS TAKEN AWAY FROM THE EVIL
TO COME.

It is the ordinance of God that evil should be, to some extent, the cure of evil. The principle of Divine life, when first implanted in the soul, is feeble and infantile; and it is destined to gather strength and advance to maturity, under influences which might, anterior to all experience, seem fitted to accomplish its entire extinction. The evil that is in the world is two-fold,—moral and physical—the latter is the natural and necessary consequence of the former; while both have a disciplinary bearing upon the characters of those who are in the process of being trained for Heaven. The calamities which overtake us, in the course of our pilgrimage, are fitted to prevent or to rebuke an undue love of the world; to make us more conversant with the invisible and the eternal; to increase the sense of our own ill-desert, and thus lead us to humble ourselves

before the mighty hand of God—i
 strengthen all those affections, purg
 which enter into the great idea of
 life. And, as for the *moral* evil wh
 to encounter in the world,—the
 all God's commandments,—the
 sensuality, the injustice, the cruel
 hood, the perfidy, with which we ar
 brought in contact,—this, too, is
 act as a remedy to the evil that i
 hearts,—inasmuch as sin is here
 visibly and palpably obvious, whe
 ing influence of self-love will no
 apology for it. Thus the soul is n
 for the prosecution of its own co
 each successive victory reacts, a
 rating influence, upon that inwar
 which it has been obtained. How
 of the unfathomable depths of the
 dom is the fact that God should hav
 in this sinful world a school, fro
 deemed sinners graduate as glorif
 and, more than that, that He should
 to be subjected temporarily to gre
 means of delivering them ultimat
 evil!

As the world in which we live is inhabited by a fallen race, so it is *always*, in a greater or less degree, the theatre of sin and sorrow, of crime and suffering. Whether you look at the Family, or the Neighbourhood, or the State, or the Nation, or the World, there is never a time, even the most prosperous, when a close inspection will not reveal to you more or less of the elements of evil. The Family seems peaceful and happy, and, to a transient observer or occasional visitor, nothing appears there but bright sunshine; but if there is no *concealed* source of disquietude, they experience enough of evil, in the daily course of events, to make them feel that their ideal of domestic enjoyment has not been reached. The Neighbourhood may seem orderly and quiet enough, and there may be no public demonstration of bitterness or strife among the families that compose it; and yet it may be that those persons who know every thing, could tell you that there were hot embers of prejudice and ill will scattered about there, that were liable any hour to burst forth into a malignant flame, that would spread, like literal fire before the wind, through many a dwelling. The State or the Nation

may be pronounced prosperous—the nothing either in the moral or the heavens to indicate an approaching War, and Famine, and Pestilence—whole tribe of adverse agencies, menacing at a distance, and the general sentiment, when judged by the ordinary may seem pure and elevated; but in every body politic there are still elements in some department or other, in which there lurks a spirit of restlessness, sedition, or perhaps treachery, which, and by, gather strength and courage, until itself an unmasked monster. The nations seem to be in a state of general preparation; the Church is actually waiting for the millennium morning; but, after bringing forth its fruits every-where, cannot travel, even a few miles, in any part of the globe, without contact with, or passing by, blood. I say then, the world, in its very bosom, is a theatre of evil influences and of tribulation; and he must go out of the world to find either unmingled holiness or peace.

But if such is the ordinary, or I should rather say the best, state of things, which this world presents, what shall be said of those extraordinary scenes of calamity which form the terrible variations of human life, and the darkest shades of human history? I will not speak of the more private evils, however oppressive, which take a comparatively limited range—but what say you of Pestilence, that multiplies itself into a host of dark angels, hovering about as many cities, to fill up graveyards by rendering dwellings desolate? What say you of War, bloody, terrible War,—that tramples upon human rights; that sports with human life; that makes the very foundations of society rock; that sends wave after wave of bitter anguish throughout an entire country, because the fathers, and the husbands, and the sons, have fallen in battle? What say you of that deep degeneracy of the public morals, that paralyzes the energies of government, and then begets absolute anarchy; that awakens universal distrust; that chills the current of good will; that pours mildew upon the spirit of public enterprise; and that leaves the nation in doubt whe-

ther the last drop of her heart's blood has not been curdled? These are among the darkest forms of human wo,—the scenes in which Sin's largest and bitterest earthly harvest is gathered, and from which the Christian looks most wishfully towards his Heavenly rest.

Now, it is to these more appalling forms of evil that the words of our text are more especially applicable—the idea is that when God determines to bring great judgments upon the world, or upon any particular nation, He is peculiarly mindful of his saints, and charges his messenger, Death, to bring them safely home before the storm comes. He does, indeed, suffer many of them to remain, because, according to the constitution of his providence, He needs them to battle with the evil, and finally bring light out of the darkness; and perhaps He may preserve *them* for a gracious deliverance from some future gathering tempest; but the text clearly intimates, what experience abundantly confirms,—**that THE APPROACH OF GREAT PUBLIC CALAMITIES IS A SIGNAL FOR A MORE THAN ORDINARY INGATHERING OF THE SAINTS.**

Let us dwell, for a few moments, on this deeply interesting feature of the Divine Providence.

It presents itself to us in the twofold aspect of *mercy* and *judgment*.

Towards those who are the immediate subjects of it, such a removal can be reckoned as only a merciful visitation; for, surely, there is rich blessing in such a deliverance from evil as this contemplates. Human nature instinctively revolts from suffering, and especially from that terrible suffering, which follows God's hand in its more appalling and desolating movements. Is there no mercy in being spared the terror and the agony of watching Death's visits to the houses of our friends, and of expecting every hour that he will knock at our own doors, and of hearing the rumbling of the hearse through our streets, night and day? Is there no mercy in being saved from beholding the desolations of the battle-field; or from knowing that in some one of those heaps of the slain is some cherished friend, to save whose life we should scarcely have thought our own too great a sacrifice? Is there no mercy in being exempted from the suspense and agitation that always hang on the footsteps of Anarchy? Is it not a favour to Patriotism to be kept from looking into the grave of the nation to whose interests

she has been devoted; or to Piety to be kept from seeing Persecution lift his bloody wand over the Church? And there is *temptation* as well as suffering involved in such a state of things—indeed, suffering itself always brings with it temptation—temptation to impatience, to rash purposes or measures, to unbelief, to rebellion; but where the evil is primarily of a moral kind, where it consists in the letting loose of men's evil passions, and the copious discharge of that venom which depraved man shares in common with fiends, then the danger becomes fearful that the Christian will practically ignore his relation to the Prince of Peace, and, before he is aware of it, will find himself in sympathy with the all-pervading spirit of wrath and strife. Or, if so disastrous a result as this should not be realized, his watchfulness over his own heart may be suspended, his general spirituality and good influence may decline, the sensible tokens of the Divine favour may be withdrawn from him, all of which must ultimately be followed by bitter repentance. It is not indeed *necessary* that the Christian, in these circumstances, should yield—for many a Christian shows that there is that in him that

is proof against the most formidable array of adverse circumstances—but still there is always danger;—danger that he will stumble and fall, from attempting to stand alone, or from not leaning the whole weight of his soul on the Lord his Strength. And is not a deliverance from finding one's peace wrecked by the influence of temptation, and one's self thrown temporarily under the power of the adversary—aye, is not a deliverance even from the *danger* of such a calamity, to be acknowledged as a token of the Divine mercy? But this is what our gracious God does for those whom He takes away from the evil to come.

But how does He dispose of them, when He takes them away? Do we know nothing more of them than that they are taken out of life, and that their bodies are laid quietly in the grave for an indefinite slumber? Oh, yes, we know much more than this—we know that He takes their deathless spirits, which are emphatically themselves, into his own gracious care, and brings them up to his Palace and Throne in the third Heavens, and introduces them to the angels, and bids them start forth on a career of joy and glory as boundless as their own exist-

ence. And, and as for the mortal part, it sleeps securely beneath the Redeemer's watchful eye, where the tempests of human passion, and the floods of desolating crime, have no power. Believe me, Christians, this being taken away from the evil to come is no negative matter—it is nothing less than being put in possession of the highest possible good;—having spheres of activity, sources of joy, accommodated to every faculty and principle of your nature, open to you; worshipping in the eternal temple; pursuing your sublime investigations in the light of the Throne; and drawing nearer and nearer forever to the standard of Divine perfection. Saint in glory, when I saw thee at the entrance of the dark passage that opens into Heaven, and witnessed the beginning of the struggle by which thou wert to be dislodged, I could have besought the Lord that thou mightest have been kept out of the monster's hands: but now, when I think what thou hast escaped, and what thou hast attained, by dying; when I see how thine heart would have been rent by staying here, and how it is thrilled with ecstasy by reason of thy passing on, I must pronounce thee blessed; and I would

fain join my earthly voice with thine Heavenly one, in ascriptions of blessing, and honour, and glory, and thanksgiving, to that rich and boundless grace that has made thee more than Conqueror.

But these dispensations which we are contemplating have another aspect—they are to be viewed as a *rebuke* to a nation, or to the world, for its insolent resistance to the Divine authority. It cannot be denied that there is much in the providence of God, even in the present life, that is retributive; and, so far as nations are concerned, the *only* retribution is here; for they do not exist, as such, to be the subjects of retribution hereafter. Now, that good men, righteous men, are the principal safeguard of communities and nations, no one who credits the declarations of God's word, or who is acquainted with the history of the world, will question. Such men oppose the current of evil by a holy example; by Christian conversation; by earnest prayer; and, by these united influences, no doubt they sometimes build high walls which enemies cannot scale, and even palsy the hand that is stretched out to do the work of ruin. And when these efficient help-

ers of the public weal are stricken down, and their voices, instead of being used in prayer for the preservation of their country's liberties, are employed in swelling the anthems of praise that go up around the Throne, no one can estimate the loss to those great interests for which they had lived and laboured; and the fact of their being called away may reasonably be regarded as an adverse sign,—just as the calling home of an ambassador indicates impending war. We may well look out for disastrous events, when Death greatly reduces the ranks of the wise and the good; because the influence by which such events are to be averted, and the spirit of evil kept down, is proportionally diminished.

Thus I have endeavoured to show you the bright and the dark aspect of that feature of the Divine providence on which we have been meditating—to the righteous who are taken away, the event is full of blessing—to the community or the nation from which they are taken, especially if that community or nation is deeply steeped in guilt, it is a signal token of the Divine displeasure.

The general thought on which we have been

meditating, is, if I mistake not, strikingly illustrated by passing events. That a dark cloud has, for several months past, been gathering over this nation, even those who are least credulous of approaching evil, will not now deny. And every one who reads the newspapers, knows that an unusual and even startling number of those who have been regarded as pillars both of the Church and of the State, have lately been stricken down. Within the last three days, the tidings have reached us that the name of the venerable JOHN McLEAN, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, is now added to this list; and, unless I greatly err in my estimate of his character, no death could be more worthy of being lamented, no name more worthy of being embalmed. In the brief notice that I design now to take of him, I deem it proper to say that I am not influenced merely or chiefly by the fact that I have been privileged to enjoy his friendship for more than thirty years, and that therefore it is grateful to me to pay a tribute to his memory, but rather by the fact that it is due to the country, and every part of it, that whatever can be, should be, done to secure and per-

petuate his posthumous influence. It matters not whether such a man lives and dies in our immediate neighbourhood, or at the distance of a thousand miles from us,—justice, patriotism, piety, all concur in commending his character to our thoughtful, thankful, I may say reverential, regard.

There is much in the history of Judge McLean's life, upon which, on a different occasion, I should love to dwell, as illustrating at once the gracious care and guidance of Divine Providence, and the energy of a great mind, in making its way, amidst unpropitious circumstances, to the highest eminence. Most of you know that, after becoming distinguished in the profession of the Law, he was, for several years, a most respectable and influential member of Congress; then a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio; then one of the Heads of Department under the United States Government; and finally, and for more than thirty years past, a highly honoured member of our Supreme National Judiciary. It is not of his life, however, but of his character, that I wish now to speak; and I feel that I shall perform the sad but grateful service under at once an advantage and

a disadvantage. It is but a few months since it was my privilege to pass several days beneath his hospitable roof, when he had, for the time, as he assured me, thrown off all public cares, and seemed to be giving himself up to luxuriate amidst pleasant thoughts and kind affections. I am sure I could not have seen him under circumstances better fitted to give me a near view of the workings of his mind and heart; and my impression of him remains so vivid that, in speaking of him, I feel that I am sketching from actual life; while, at the same time, I am embarrassed by the apprehension that, as most of what I shall say is only a report of the results of my own observation, I shall seem to you to be speaking scarcely more of him than of myself.

Judge McLean's personal appearance was both commanding and attractive. His noble form, his countenance that betokened at once a mind full of thought and a heart full of love, and his manners, uniting great dignity, simplicity and kindness, predisposed every one who met him, even in the most casual manner, to a high estimate of both his intellectual and moral character. And when you began to converse with him, you found that the outer man had

borne no false testimony in respect to the inner—you came in direct contact with that bright and active intellect, and that genial and generous spirit, which the external aspect had already shadowed forth to you. While there was nothing in his conversation that savoured, in the least, of personal display, there was much to indicate great clearness of perception, a sound, discriminating judgment, large and liberal views of things, and a rich store of varied and valuable information. You saw, too, at once, that he was one of the most transparent of men; that he was incapable of even the slightest exaggeration; that he was so truthful and honest, by nature and habit, that, even if conscience had gone to sleep, you would have expected nothing else than that he would have been true and honest still. His heart seemed a great fountain of kindness. While he would not hesitate to remonstrate frankly and firmly against what he believed to be evil, even in high places, he was always predisposed to judge charitably, and sometimes displayed some invention in finding an apology for actions of at least equivocal import. You could not be with him half an hour, without witnessing manifes-

tations that would leave you in no doubt that his presence would grace any circle, and his services honour any station.

It does not become me to speak of him particularly in the relations of Statesman and Judge, except as they were identified with a spirit of lofty patriotism,—of inflexible adherence to the true and the right—but to omit all allusion to this were to ignore one of the brightest features of his character. I say then, if he was not a Model Patriot, the United States had not such an one to lose. At every subject, bearing upon the interests of the country, he looked with a careful and discriminating eye; and, in forming his judgment, he took counsel, not of prejudice, not of party, not of personal advantage, nor yet of the wishes of friends, but of an honest devotion to the public good, under the guidance of conscience and of God. Though his mind always welcomed the light, no matter from what point it might come,—and though, when the light was so strong as to produce conviction, it seemed to cost him no sacrifice to surrender even the most cherished purpose, yet the martyr's stake would not have had terror enough in it

to make him even falter in his adherence to his own honest sense of duty. I had it from his own lips that, while he was holding one of the highest offices under the Government, the politicians gave him no rest, because he would give them no satisfaction—that is, he would not bow to party dictation—he would not displace from any office within his control acknowledged intelligence and integrity, from considerations of mere partisanship; and he added that it was to this circumstance that he owed his appointment to the Supreme Judiciary, where his persistence in following out his convictions would occasion less inconvenience to office seekers. He told me that he had marked the downward progress of our nation and of our government, for many years; that he knew that, as a people, we had become corrupt to the very core; that politics had degenerated into a mere trade, or rather a mere gambling speculation; and he added, with emphatic solemnity, and, as there is too much reason to fear, with prophetic sagacity, “I do not believe there is virtue enough in the nation to sustain such a government as ours much longer.” I could not have inferred from any thing he said what political party had the

best right to claim him—he seemed to me to be a man by himself,—towering far above all parties; earnestly devoted to, and yet well-nigh despairing of, the perpetuity of his country's liberties. In one of the last letters I received from him, he repeated, with great confidence, the remark that our national corruption had destroyed us.

But the crowning glory of this venerable man was that he was an humble, consistent, devoted follower of the Lord Jesus. Though educated a Presbyterian, he early became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and continued heartily devoted to its interests till the close of life. But his religious sympathies were not circumscribed by denominational lines—his heart bounded forth in grateful recognition of the image of Christ wherever he discovered it—and while he was an earnest Methodist, he was a yet more earnest Christian. It was one index to his freedom from all narrow views, that, during many of his latter years, he was President of the American Sunday School Union, and evinced the deepest interest in the prosperity of that truly catholic institution. His religion was at once

intelligent, vital, practical. Not only was he a most diligent student of God's Word, but you saw at once that he was familiar with the best writers on Practical Religion, and, to a considerable extent, with the current religious literature of the day; for, though he made no display of his religious knowledge, it was so incorporated with the general habit of his mind that it necessarily gave, in some degree, a hue to his conversation. All the graces of the Spirit were beautifully blended in his character; but no one shone more brightly than humility—if others thought of his wealth, his honours, his influence, it was evident that he thought not of them, except as they could be rendered tributary to the benefit of his fellow men and the honour of his Master. It was evident that he lived habitually under the influence of invisible and eternal realities. His conversation, his prayers, his daily walk, showed that he was in constant communion with the Fountain of all grace and strength. The morning that I left his pleasant dwelling, I was obliged to rise early, as I had to ride three or four miles to reach the cars; but, notwithstanding the haste incident to my departure, he proposed that we

should not part till we had knelt together once more at the domestic altar; and, that hallowed service being performed, he gave me his parting benediction in expressions of Christian good-will and tenderness, fit to crown one of the most gratefully remembered visits of my whole life.

It pleased a gracious Providence to spare this admirable man, through a long course of years, to perform many and varied services of the highest importance to his country. And yet, when I saw him, a few months ago, his vigorous intellect, his cheerful and even buoyant spirits, and his elastic step, seemed to justify the expectation that at least another decade of years of honourable activity and usefulness might be added to his life. He had always been one of the most industrious of men, performing an amount of official labour that seemed scarcely within the range of human ability; though it was interesting to see how gracefully he could, at pleasure, come out from beneath the heavy burden that oppressed him, and give himself up to the pleasures of social intercourse as freely and as fully as if he had had nothing else to do. But, though I saw nothing

to indicate the waning of any of his faculties, it was not long before disease was at work to bow that stately frame, to cripple those manly energies, to close that honoured life. Meanwhile, the political elements were evidently combining for a tempest; the spirit of agitation, mounting up to phrenzy, was abroad; the old landmarks, which the fathers had set up, had begun to disappear; and that sacred bond which had united the States in one glorious Confederacy, had come to look as if, after all, it were but a rope of sand. The venerable Christian patriot watched the approach of the storm with the deepest concern, and yet with full confidence in the Power that was directing it—he saw the lightnings play fearfully on the bosom of the overshadowing cloud, and was expecting the convulsive shock by which our institutions would be overturned, when the Master, whom he had served so long and so well, sent some bright angel, in the livery of Death, to whisper in his ear the gracious words, “Come up hither.” And he did ascend, I doubt not, in a chariot of glory. And now, when we see the signs of the times every day growing more portentous; when it seems abso-

lutely certain that nothing but a special Divine interposition can save us from being involved in a war, the story of which shall make the ears of our children's children tingle, is it not reasonable to believe that that patriot saint was taken away from the evil to come; that the Saviour who loved him, and into whose hands he had committed his soul long ago, called him home in mercy, before the blood should begin to flow?

There are many lessons of high practical import fairly deducible from the exalted character we have been contemplating. I will conclude the discourse by hinting at two or three of them.

And the first is that Christianity, as a living power, is essential to constitute the highest form of human nobility. There may, indeed, be much to attract the attention, and awaken the admiration, of the world, without it—there may be a gigantic intellect, and a glowing imagination, and profound learning, and the finest accomplishments, and exemplary morality, and untiring industry, and withal a high measure of success; and, superadded to all this, there may be the dignity of station, the highest hereditary honours, and a reputation as bright as

the sun and as wide as the world; and yet, if Religion, as a thing of life and power, be wanting, the crown is not there. For it is Religion that makes the conscience a quiet companion and a safe guide—it is Religion that lifts the soul into communion with the Almighty and All-merciful, the Infinitely wise and Infinitely pure—it is Religion that tramples on Death's terrors, and nerves the spirit for its upward flight, and makes the whole eternal hereafter a scene of unutterable glory. If you are a true follower of Jesus, and have your home in the very depths of obscurity, believe me, you are still worthy of being congratulated; for, at a period not very distant, you will come up out of all that obscurity, to be clothed in robes of immortal beauty, and to become a minister around your Redeemer's Throne. If you are not a disciple of Christ, even though you *have* every thing that the world can give, and *are* every thing that the world can make you, believe me, you are worthy to be pitied; for that which alone renders man an object of complacency with angels and with God, is not yours—that which can alone guard the soul in the dark valley, and open for it the gate of

Heaven, is not yours. But where the highest worldly distinction is crowned with an humble faith in the Redeemer and an earnest devotion to his cause ; where the splendours of rank, and the achievements of intellect, and the well earned plaudits of a nation, are all combined into one willing and grateful offering unto God ; and where the eye is always looking, and the heart always waiting, for the glorious rest,—there, there, is the very highest specimen of human nobility. Had the great Statesman and Judge, who has just departed, possessed all the noble qualities with which Nature had endowed him, and all the worldly distinctions which Providence allotted to him, and yet never found his way to the Cross,—never learned to lean upon the Lord Jesus as his Righteousness and his Strength, surely the country would have been in mourning to-day for quite another man—it is because the eminent Christian was so beautifully blended with the eminent civil-ian,—the former guiding, elevating, crowning the latter,—that the eyes of the whole nation, at least of all who love and honour virtue, are now gratefully and reverently turned towards that new made grave.

Again: Is there not something in this beautiful character that is fitted to enlarge the circle of our Christian sympathies? We do well always when we cling to God's revealed truth, especially to those truths which cluster more immediately about the Cross of Christ. So also we do well when we maintain, and, if need be, defend, our own mature and well established views on less important subjects,—views that may be regarded as strictly denominational. But all this is perfectly consistent with the largest Christian catholicism; with opening the arms of our fellowship to all who furnish evidence of loving our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. But is there not a disposition, on the part of many good men, to urge their own shibboleth as a condition of the practical recognition of discipleship; and even though there may be a general admission that members of other communions than our own may be true Christians, yet is there not too often an unworthy reserve in proffering to them our expressions of Christian courtesy and affection; and do we not sometimes practically consent that a wall of partition should remain between us and them, satisfying ourselves with the reflection

that we have not helped to build it? Judge McLean was, during his whole religious life, a Methodist; but a Christian of nobler type, or one who was more at home in Heavenly places than he, you would have to search for, a long time, before you would find him. And among his brethren whom he has left behind, as well as among those who range themselves under still different denominational banners, are many who, like him, are fervent lovers of the Saviour, and earnest and skilful labourers in his cause. May our Lord Jesus, the reigning Mediator, unite the different branches of his family in closer bonds of love, and dispose them to a wider and more efficient co-operation!

Again: Should not the translation of the great and good from earth to Heaven serve at once to exalt Heaven, in our conceptions, and quicken our aspirations and efforts for the attainment of it? Here, we are in a mixed state of society—the good and the bad are thrown together—while there are some whom we esteem and love, and some whom we admire and venerate, there are others of whom we can only say that their presence does not offend us, and others still who live only to burden, and

corrupt, and curse the common humanity. But suppose all were like the few who love and serve God, and seek to promote the best interests of their fellow creatures—suppose all were like that illustrious mind that was called home the other day,—like it, even before it underwent the Heavenly transformation,—how would the earth brighten into a field of intellectual and moral and social beauty and loveliness, which would seem like a reproduction of the primitive Eden! But even this would form only the faintest resemblance to Heaven. In that blessed world, all the great and sanctified minds that we part with so reluctantly, and gaze after so wishfully when they ascend, are gathered—but what they were here gives us no idea of the beauty, and power, and exaltation, of which they are the subjects now. Aye, and even the weakest of the saints will, when he reaches Heaven, take on a form of intellectual and spiritual nobility, of which this world has never afforded a specimen. Oh, the unutterable ecstasy and glory of the world above! May the gracious Spirit teach our thoughts and affections to rise thither continually, that we may be ready, at a moment's warning, to obey the Master's call to

come up and join that glorified society! Let the places which the righteous have vacated, and the graves which their mortal remains occupy, hallow to our minds and hearts the building of God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

Finally: Let our mourning for those, who, we have reason to believe, are taken away from the evil to come, prepare us for the evil from which they are taken; or, if God will, let it be the means of *averting* the impending evil. Let us mourn for them in humble recognition of the Divine hand, which is striking down so many of the strong pillars of our national fabric. Let us mourn for them with deep contrition for that enormous guilt, which has so richly merited such an expression of the Divine displeasure. Let us mourn for them in a spirit of reverence for their exalted virtues, and with the full purpose to walk in the light of their holy example. And let our mourning be sanctified and crowned with fervent prayer that, for the sake of what they have been and done, God's arm may still be stretched out for our deliverance. Such mourning, as sure as God's word is truth, will bring a blessing with it. If

the threatening evils come, it will prepare us to meet them so that we shall find a blessing even in the furnace; but who can tell but that it may move the heart of Infinite Love to disappoint our fears, to make our skies bright again, and to cause to ascend from every part of this now broken and dishonoured nation, a song of thanksgiving that the Lord hath appeared for us and delivered us.

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